SEQUEL

TO

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

Lately formed SOCIETY *of*

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY

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TO THE READER.

I HAVE called this a ſequel to a former publication, both on account of its general agreement with what I have there written, as being a continuance of the ſame argument, and alſo as it is deſigned to ſupply what I have omitted there, or have haſtily ſaid. Of this laſt kind there is much, but all of it falling under one general rule of correction, to take away a guilty human warmth of ſpeech, wrong only on this account (yet being thus the worſt ſort of wrong), that it was little connected with, and in ſome inſtances contrary to, a Chriſtian ſpirit. The particular paſſages I ſhall not mention. There are none of them blameable, as in the deteſtation of the French crimes, or as in their political reaſons or tendency. It is as having a heatheniſh preſumptuous confidence, with which religion is miſallied. If any man were to blame them on any other account, at leaſt generally, or not as himſelf impreſſed with Chriſtian lowlineſs, I ſhould ſtill ſay he was wrong. The worſt of all that I have ſaid (what indeed no man can condemn enough) is the laſt paſſage in the book, where, contrary to my own ſentiments, and ſinfully falling under temptation, Pagan heroiſm is, *in the words*, impiouſly juſtified, and even joined with ſome expreſſions as of a Chriſtian. There are other paſſages too. In

another publication alſo, not ſo generally known as that to which this is a ſequel (in ſo far as that is known), there are raving words, and a bold daring employment of the language of revelation, at which I ſhould tremble. It would be the leaſt of the evils ariſing from this impiety (great as this evil yet would itſelf alſo be), if it were to diſcredit the ardent words which belong to this great controverſy with human crimes; which I have uſed formerly, and will uſe again: for no others can or ought to be uſed. Accordingly in the matters I am here to ſpeak of, with contrition of heart (and oh! that it were what it ſhould be!), for the unchriſtian language and ſentiments I have been left to fall into, there is no abatement (how dare I to ſay abatement!) of that deteſtation which is the natural duty of all men againſt the French rebellion, and the crimes in which it conſiſts. They have now got in that miſerable domination a perpetuity of tyrants, under the name of a republic, ſuch as no country we read of ever ſubmitted to before. A convention (as they called it) which had in it a minority (the minority, it is true, as bad as the reſt) got its name changed, by throwing out this minority, and re-electing the majority into councils of elder and younger, of which a part going out by rotation leaves this very majority ſtill, in a perpetual reproduction of itſelf, excluſive of all popular right and forming the direſt of all tyrannies. They go out (I think) by two hundreds, leaving eight hundred behind. The two hundred new comers (and not one of them needs to be new, for they may

be the firſt thrown off parcel brought back again) are juſt nothing. Suppoſing the completion of the rotatory years, there are always remaining eight hundred, in whom alone is the power. They remain equally in every rotation, and at the end of the rotation ſum. A regular increment of diſſent is not a poſſible ſuppoſition. It is, beſides, againſt the power at the outſet. The elders and youngers are the ſelf-elected tyrants of France, and they generate among themſelves, without intermarriage. No ſuch tyranny has hitherto conſtrained the world. This baſe caſt, fly-blown in the laſt rottenneſs of their miſchief, is that with which ſome men ſeek to affiance the honour of Britain.

Againſt this I here ſpeak; but I endeavour to ſpeak, as it becomes us all in a controverſy with crime, under the ſenſe of my own ſins, and of the ſins of the community of which I am a member. Perſonal ſins and national ſins are peculiarly to be ſeen by thoſe who ſeparate themſelves from, or contend againſt the crimes of their age. I wiſh them to be ſeen by the royaliſts of France, as lying particularly as to them in the papacy, of which, and on that account, and as itſelf evil, I am here to ſpeak. But I am to ſpeak alſo as of us all; as of ourſelves. Virtue, even as moraliſts diſcourſe, is a ſenſe of our imperfections, and the endeavour to amend them. The repentance and ſorrowing to which Chriſtians are called is of a far different and higher nature; that repentance and ſorrowing, *in which*, though not *for which*, we are graciouſly drawn, as ſinners of mankind, to

take hold of the offer of ſalvation made to all, and to all *as* ſinners, in the Goſpel, through faith which is the gift of God, in a loathing of ourſelves for ſin: and, in bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, in the ſtrength of the Redeemer, without whom we can do nothing, adding to our faith virtue. This ſorrowing after a godly ſort has an indignation in it againſt ourſelves, which the ſcripture calls even revenge. Should this, in the mercy of God, be our caſe as a nation, we might have reaſonable hope that it was the beginning of happineſs to others alſo.

We have been graciouſly kept, among all our corruptions, to ſome degree hitherto, a religious people. And as men, we abhor the crimes of France, and muſt ſeek to deliver it from its oppreſſions. We ſhould all likewiſe know, the more we are religious, *that vain is the help of man.* But we are not forbidden the uſe of human means, though in them we are to place no confidence. It is what appears to me the wiſe uſe of all theſe means, and in all the compaſs of our duty beſides, in our advice to, as well as our aſſiſtance of, the ſupporters of the monarchy of France, that I am here to ſpeak of. Their claim upon us is to our all; and we ſhould give it.

The aſſiſtance we give is nothing, unleſs it reſtores the monarchy. It is an aſſiſtance to which they have a right, in the firſt inſtance, and independently of every thing elſe. But as it is an aſſiſtance which lies in our duty and love, it muſt contain every thing with which theſe are connected. If we their friends think the papacy to be evil, we are not their friends

if we do not tell them ſo; becauſe we willingly allow their hurt in circumſtances where we may prevent it. This was my great omiſſion, which I have here endeavoured to ſupply. It is a duty, not to man only, but to God; but it is a duty only as it ſhall be rightly gone through, and I am afraid of myſelf. I am a ſuitor to the royaliſts of France, and aſk them to be my judges.

The concerns of this world and the duties of religion ſhould not in themſelves, but they are ready, in the evil of our nature, to diſturb each other. In ſome caſes, it even appears, as if doing the one ſhould not render us fit for the other. I ſhould hear with great ſubmiſſion (at leaſt it is ſo I ought to hear) a commentary by thoſe to whom I owe obedience upon that paſſage; *thou ſhalt not build an houſe for my name, becauſe thou haſt been a man of war, and haſt ſhed blood.* It ſurely ought to fill us all with a godly fear as to what *we* do, when this was ſaid to the choſen ſervant of the Lord, the man after God's own heart, the ſweet Pſalmiſt of Iſrael. I do not take upon me to explain all its meaning. It certainly has this (for it contains no condemnation of David, but is ſpoken in love) that war is itſelf evil in the ſight of the God of Peace, though it is the means to man, ſurrounded with all iniquities, of ſometimes taking away evil. All force is alien to Chriſtianity. It is on this account that I have been afraid (perhaps ſinfully afraid) in a cauſe of human quarrel that admits no moment's doubt, whether I ſhould at all ſpeak of religion, when the work we have to do is ap-

parently of the ſword. I would not do it but for the reaſons that are given in what I have here written: from the conviction, that, though it is as King William and the Duke of Marlborough fought that we ſhould fight, as againſt human wrong, and not as inſtruments of doing good to which we are not in the immediate appearance called, yet a total ſilence in any man who believes the Bible concerning the truths contained in it, of which we are to ſpeak even before kings, would in this cauſe of friendſhip and juſtice be greatly ſinful, and take away all moral courage, as much as the contrary impiety of enthuſiaſm could do, from our counſel and conduct. A war of the kind we are engaged in by men who had no care for religion, would be an evil ſuch as no man can name. We are indeed to be afraid of falling into the contrary evil, and to proteſt with all our zeal againſt joining the cauſe of religion with war. We muſt not look to Condé nor Coligni; with all our admiration; nor at home to Leſly or Argyle. And we cannot ſee theſe laſt, without ſeeing alſo Montroſe. Their ſword had the dye of crime, in our anceſtors of this country, and of our fellow Europe, then even when it gleamed the brighteſt with virtue. We ſhould not flatter ourſelves that it will have leſs pollution in our hands than in the men I have named. Their example, profitable in other reſpects, is alſo in their failings and wrongs. Our Marquis of Argyle knew his; as far as ſinful man can underſtand his errors: and we ſhould endeavour to know ours. Our conference with the royaliſts of France,

in the companionſhip of our other duty, in recovering to them their country, and them to it, not in aggrandiſing ourſelves, ought to be as of religious men, to whom their friendſhip forbids ſilence, but knowing that, though the occaſion of this ſpeaking has ariſen in war, it ought itſelf to be in the ſpirit of peace. Peace with all men, in the love of truth, is what we are to ſeek, and having no fellowſhip with wickedneſs; in ſerving God perſonally and nationally, and following here the example of our forefathers, as they have followed that which is the only rule to us all. If we act in this ſpirit, the overthrow of crime will then truly be (as far as belongs to man) the eſtabliſhment of juſtice.

As to my expreſſions on other matters, in the way that we ſhould beſt reſiſt the evils of the French anarchy, I have ſpoken (here, as every where) altogether without reſerve. Diverſities of opinion ſpring ſtrangely up among men ſeeking the ſame object; and diſapprobation of what you think ſhould be diſapproved, ought not to be attenuated by apologies in the time of it;—perhaps at no time. Yet, "the diſtinction between good and bad writ-" ing," (a very true critic has obſerved), "is " often of ſo very ſlender a nature, and the " ſhadowing of difference ſo extremely deli-" cate, that a very nice perception alone can at " all times define the limits." It is ſo equally as to right and wrong thinking. Nothing is ſo common as to ſlide from one thought into its contrary, while the fantaſy (a name that great authority allows me thus to uſe) retains, in the

abſence of all diſcourſe of reaſon, the colours and pictures of our former thought. We ſhould all watch our own emotions, that ſubſtituting one feeling for another we may not go from the object to which we all tend.

I believe what I am going to ſay is very childiſh. I have been led to ſpeak of ſome names. The mind (fooliſhly) feels a ſort of injuſtice in not mentioning others. He who ſung his ſchoolfellows did not ſing them all. And it is an old rule (and much more becomes me) not to riſk the virtues of many on one man's praiſe.

The aſſociation of high name and great property, who called themſelves "the Friends of "the People," if it ſtill exiſts, has ceaſed to act; ſo far as I know. Their principles (ſuch as they are) ſtill exiſt. In Scotland the name became very vile. I ſhould ſtill ſpeak to the aſſociation if they will hear me. But it is of neceſſity, at any rate, that being a ſequel to what I have written, it ſhould carry its reference with it. Other reaſons, and the chief, I have mentioned at the beginning. My book was inſcribed to a friend, and to him this ſequel of it is inſcribed.

TO

WILLIAM CARLYLE, Esquire.

SEQUEL, &c.

We are now in the ninth year of the anarchy of France. Yet the ſtrength of that nation ſeems ſtill unexhauſted. Foreign territory has been acquired, with no diminution (unleſs as to their colonial ſettlements) of their own. The alliance againſt them has been traverſed and broken. A diſpoſition to peace has been diſplayed, without conſideration of the royal family of France. The natural horror at the effuſion of blood cannot be too ſtrong, and might of itſelf perſuade us to any ſort of peace; but it is a great queſtion, whether in this we ſhould loſe our natural horror at crime. Peace with France cannot be friendſhip with France. There can be no community between us and them, unleſs by allying ourſelves with murder, and ſanctioning and ſharing in the pillage of thieves.

I do not deny that our ſituation is, in many of its aſpects, againſt war. It is certainly the moſt ſo from the waſte of blood, with ſo little accompliſhed! We have alſo (I am afraid) not inquired as we ſhould have done, as to what it was that ſhould be accompliſhed. A great truſt was put into our hands, as the moral guardian of a ſiſter nation. It was to deſtroy her oppreſ-

ſors and her oppreſſions. It was a truſt high and almoſt unlimited. We could do every thing, and were bound to do every thing, that did not overturn the natural rights of the governors and governed in that kingdom. The ſtate, the church, the throne, the people, ſaving the natural independence of them all, were each and wholly (and really, though virtually) put under the ſafeguard of our honour and friendſhip. The crown had declared that it would reform; the people had received, and were beginning to act upon this declaration. The rebellion, againſt which we are now in arms, has overthrown both the people and the crown. Can there be any peace (however deſirable to the longings of humanity) which leaves the people and the crown in this fallen ſtate! which juſtifies and allies itſelf with the rebellion! Or can it be, but as eſtabliſhing the ſafety of France, on a foundation of moral perpetuity, in all its rights of ſovereignty and freedom! All is put into our hands, by the natural depoſit of the law of nations; and we muſt make ſurrender with moral fealty, to him who heirs the crown of France, of a truſt morally exerciſed.

In the high feeling of this duty as near at hand (and how can it be diſtant!) we will fit ourſelves for its performance. This is only by a wiſe comprehenſion of all that paſſes before us, put in due compariſon with what has been, and with what ſhould be; and held down as to both by the paramount loyalty of our reddition. Our captain in this war is the king of France. This nation at leaſt are ſtill his *feaux chevaliers.*

Still among us, and in this extremity, and a cavalier himſelf, he has his *preud-hommes*. What are the counſels of this field! conſidering the paſt and preſent, and preparing the future. They can be no other, than that we ſhould ſeek to reſtore monarchy in France, as the only means to give a peace of juſtice to Europe. We have other duties alſo; and throwing away the ſword. Of them I am to ſpeak in their own place, and to ſpeak earneſtly.

The revival of their old ſtates, in order that the nation might be taxed by its repreſentatives alone, was all that the French nation required, and what their king had undertaken to give, and was giving them; and not as a boon of ſovereignty, but as a national right. Every thing done after the aſſembly of theſe ſtates (and they aſſembled too not in the old form) was poſitive and direct rebellion. Our duty to France, in reſtoring the monarchy, is accordingly diſcharged, when the king ſhall be put in a capacity to call his ſtates, according to the old law of that realm. We have no farther duty here. The reſt belongs to the king and the ſtates, acting according to their wiſdom, and in the poſſeſſion of all their rights. It alſo belongs to the king, even in the calling of the ſtates, to be guided, in conformity to the public law, by his own wiſe diſcretion. If we were to adviſe, it would certainly be beſt to abide by the old law wholly. But the popular wiſh and the royal diſcretion muſt guide.

I think that this great good can be accompliſhed by Britain, and even yet! even as things

are. I cannot ſee how, with the proper direction of our force, and joining with it our humanity and wiſdom, we might not, French and Britiſh, reach Paris without ſhedding one drop of blood. If we enter France in the ſpirit of peace, and with the power to give it, I do not ſee who ſhould oppoſe us. I think the country would gather round a Britiſh army, which brought back to France her king, her princes and nobility, in a proceſſion of peace, of which all were called to ſhare in the triumph. There might (I cannot bring myſelf not to believe it), there might be a royal progreſs to Paris, before which rebellion ſhould depart, and leave nothing to the juſtice of war. Yet this can only be with a force that is adequate to the purpoſes of juſtice; and ſuch a force an army of ſixty thouſand Britiſh would be, accompanied by the king and the nobility of France. Hannibal (in ſuch a queſtion he can be mentioned only for this purpoſe) croſſed the Rhone with an army of eight and thirty thouſand infantry, and eight thouſand cavalry, and arrived in the vale of Aoſta with only ſix thouſand horſe, and twenty thouſand foot; an army of twenty-ſix thouſand men. We can have double this number in this expedition of peace, and who ſhould be equal ſoldiers, man to man, with his Africans and Spaniards. With this power we can accompliſh every thing. It might move ſlowly (though, ſhould there be a battle, I think it would be the march of little more than a day), but moving ſlowly it would gather to itſelf the people on every ſide of it, and a kingdom would be formed as it paſſed

along. For France is not all rebellious, nor can be. Some of the trumpeters for peace even tell us this, for the purpoſe of ſoothing us down into ſome ſort of compromiſe with the tyrants of that country, by which, they ſay, the ſpirit of loyalty will come naturally to act, and remove by its own force theſe oppreſſors. They are fooliſh. But the fact is true on which they place their ill-conceived reaſoning, and ſhould teach us a better reaſon, than that evil will be ſubdued by tolerating it, or that men will act with courage, and according to virtue, by riſing in late conſpiracy againſt thoſe whom they have baſely obeyed. It ſhould teach, it muſt already have taught us, that a power muſt be in France, and that this alone is needed, which can give ſafety to thoſe, I mean virtuous ſafety, who groan under an oppreſſion which they cannot reſiſt (and ſuch we naturally are to ſuppoſe the whole body of the peaſantry to be, without a leader to give them union and ſtrength, and to direct their efforts to any effect), or who are paſſively hurried in the whirl of that inſane and guilty force, which is irreſiſtible becauſe it is met by no other. The armies of France can never be an inſtrument, ſuch as other armies have been, to ſubvert thoſe who had placed their power in them; becauſe the armies of France are robbers led by robbers (they are not armies), and becauſe they are robbers, not at home, but abroad, and becauſe their obedience (if by that name their aſſociated rapine is to be called) is from fear or from inſolence, wholly without any reverence for authority, and baſe with the

ſervility of an exiſtence held by the hour. From ſuch men nothing can be hoped in any of the mutations that affect human things. They are inſtruments of deſtruction in the hand of the finder; but their own ſpontaneity of uſe is gone. It may be reſtored, when they are again brought within the ſphere of moral action, in a reunion with the enlivening principle of freedom. At preſent they are as if without mind; and as a ſort of brute force, projected in maſſes to deſolate Europe, from the foundery of the new democracy. An army (that is, a general and his officers and ſoldiers, for nothing elſe is an army) with old attachments or diſciplined obedience, naturally tends, in whatever orbit the violence of accidents may carry it, to good government as its place of reſt; but the French robbing maſſes exiſt only by the evil that has produced them, and nothing but its deſtruction can give them again their moral place, in the juſt eſtabliſhment of ſociety. If they ſhould not ſit down in their conqueſts, as the new coloniſers of Europe, and ſhould return to their own ſoil, the head robber, as thoſe who have gone before him, will probably pay his life for his power. If he ſhould not, and others pay the forfeit for him, the power in his hands will not change its nature, becauſe the inſtruments, means, and ends of it muſt be the ſame. The new philoſophy ſtands on the ground of diſobedience to moral rule, and the compulſion to this diſobedience. Its rewards conſiſt in the univerſal power of every man over every man; ſo that an union of injuſtice, while it can be kept to-

gether, may be the tyrant of all that are not contained in its circle, or that fall out of it. Theſe French *vortices* are deſtructive of all moral order. No ſyſtem in which they have a place can exiſt but to the confuſion of human ſociety. There is, therefore, nothing *in* France that can ſave it. Its ſafety is wholly from without. It is to be found in the power that can be given from us, to excite the inert, to concur with the willing, to receive and to act in union with the ſtrength that thus exiſts, but exiſts, unleſs with us, to no purpoſe, but which alſo, in wiſe direction and co-operation, cannot fail to grow into more and more power, bringing all France into government again, according to the inſtitute of a manly freedom.

But how ſhall this do now, which did not do before ?—I hear every body ſay : For France has been invaded, and with the beſt appointed armies, and with the princes of the houſe of Bourbon, and all their Cavalerie, and in a line of march where, leaving a few places of ſtrength behind, the road was open, and under a general whoſe name filled and fills Europe, and whoſe humanity equalled his ſkill in war ; yet this united gallantry and diſcipline, ſuch as was never before ſeen in Europe, retreated before the democracy, and has been ſo parted and broken, as to fall wholly in pieces, as to be bruiſed and ſhattered beyond remedy, by the contact of the enemy, without his ſtroke. It were long to tell all the cauſes of this ; and many of them cannot be told. We know that the Duke of Brunſwick at that time fought no battle ; and when

he fought afterwards it was elſewhere. He retreated at that time, when every likelihood was, that to go on afterwards was of his own choice, and as far as he pleaſed too. Things changed. The rout at Jemappe, which I never underſtood, but which had ſome glory in it to the vanquiſhed, the parlying with the enemy in a thouſand different ſhapes, and all of them not varying only, but contradictory, the conſidering the French pikemen as the nation, and their tyrannies that crumbled over each other, till they raiſed the hill of duſt on which their piſmire legiſlators now ſit in their mock diviſions of elder and younger, as the government that the nation choſe, inſtead of mere forms, as they were, at which it gazed in ſtupid diſtant fear, while it had none to help it, were the cauſes, and above all, the ſhameful allowance by us of a conſtitution (as they dared to call it), againſt which every Frenchman was bound to fight, who loved his country and his king, the conſtitution (ſo they named it) of their firſt aſſembly, were the cauſes or the occaſions (for ſome of them were more directly miſchievous, ſome leſs) of all that hoſtile weakneſs with which we have been flapping the ſtrength of great nations againſt the "armed frontier" of France. I mean that we ſhould act differently. If there are any loyal Frenchmen (and the body of the people, I truſt, are loyal, though the ſcum of Paris has paſſed over the whole country, and made it to the eye one compoſt heap of the new democratic manure and its foul fertility), ſuch Frenchmen as are loyal muſt equally hate

all conſtitutions that rob them of their freedom and their king. Will they fight for Mirabeau and Barnave, and the Lameths, and André, and Chapelier, and what are all their names, againſt Vergniaud and Briſſot, and Hebert, or thoſe whom the miſſiſh democrates with us affect to pout at, thoſe cruel and bloody maſters of the gang, Marat and Roberſpierre! Are Sieyes or Barrere, who have floated down the current alive amidſt the heaps of the dead carcaſes of their friends, to be objects of a comparative choice, as in the year 1789 and 1797, or as the accomplices of Carnotor Petion! Is the battle or march of liberty to be for which the vileſt ſtandard they ſhall carry, of Drouet (alas! alas!) or of Reubell! Shall it be the choice, that we give them, between the murderers by the lamp-iron and the guillotine! Thoſe who accept ſuch protection are unworthy of any. What ſhall we ſay of thoſe who give it,—of ourſelves!

We muſt ſay that we dreamed, but are now awake; that times and men and things were all jumbled in one confuſion (yet a confuſion that had in it much that was noble), but that we have now got to the right ordering of our mind. In an eaſier and a ſhorter march than any we have hitherto gone, Paris is reached from Boulogne or Calais. There is no place of ſtrength on this turnpike to ſtop thoſe who are to bear along it the banners of peace. A landing may be effected, if things have not changed their nature ſince the days of Henry and Edward, and their injuſtice. That done, all is done. A battle, (but there will be no battle), a bat-

tle gives us France; I mean gives France to its king, and its king to France; for Paris is at our very door. Hiſtory bears witneſs, that great armies have never ſtood before ſmall ones. An army above a certain ſize becomes only the weaker. If the whole country were to riſe in a maſs, our ſucceſs would be the ſurer. But the riſing would be for us: for us, when we bring the French monarchy as the preſent, that is to give us the love of the French people. I ſay again, that it would be a proceſſion of high triumph of peace, with the acclamations and benedictions of all who accompanied and beheld it.

Illam omnis tectis agriſque effuſa juventus,
Turbaque miratur matrum et proſpectat euntem!

This grand inſtauration of the freedom of France will ſurpaſs all the ſhows of all chivalry. But this *fête* of humanity can be furniſhed only by Britain. On us reſt the hopes of Europe.

Among the other ſplendours of this progreſs, and the humanities that grace and give it luſtre, the return of the ſuffering clergy of France will not be the leaſt. The biſhop of St. Pol de Leon left his country amidſt the weeping and embraces, and followed by the prayers of his flock. He and his patient brethren, who have been driven from their duties and their homes, will be received in the ſtill higher diſplay of all theſe lovely affections. But here we have a great duty, and on which I intend to ſpeak at all its proper length. It is an office of humanity ſecond to none, but difficult indeed to fulfil. Yet

I think we can now debate, not as in the ſchools, but as friendly nations, in the noble intercourſe of eſteem and honour, the great articles of the Chriſtian faith. I can acknowledge as the French nation, only thoſe who have reſiſted, or who hate and wait only for the power to reſiſt, the atheiſm and anarchy of the democracy. To *them* we can ſpeak with all the perſuaſion, and all the ſubmiſſion too, that belongs to friendſhip. We can ſay to *them*, that as they thought their ſtate needed to be reformed, we (with all due acknowledgment of their reaſon) thought and think that their church needed to be reformed alſo. And we can tell them, that as in a common cauſe with them againſt the rebellion, and its ſpirit of guilty change, we ſhould all of us labour for this end, as the ſure means of eſtabliſhing the happineſs of France and of Europe.

In this ſpirit we will tell our French friends, that the providence of God in the government of the world, a dictate even of natural religion, is moſt peculiarly aſſerted by revelation. An overheated credulity may, indeed, cauſe, and has often in this reſpect cauſed, great evil. Good men have been deceived, and wicked men have uſed it as an inſtrument of deceit. But a rational faith, guided by the common rules of human action, can ſcarcely miſlead us. According to that faith, there are particular ſeaſons, in which God peculiarly interpoſes his providence, and, in all ſeaſons, his general providence is employed, to bring good out of evil. When the evil ſeems to be of that ſort which

proceeds from men being left to themſelves, or ſet looſe as it were from the common reſtraints of God's providence, (for purpoſes inſcrutable to us, but which the Bible teaches to be in the order of the moral government of the world) it is then a reaſonable inference, that the Deity will, at his own good pleaſure, and in his own time more or leſs interpoſe, with the aſſociation of natural human means, and employing them at once, and over-ruling them, for the taking away of ſuch evil. This natural inference is confirmed by authorities eaſily found by every perſon who reads the ſcriptures. Our old divines have (I think) marked this in their plain familiar phraſe, when they ſay that "man's extre-"mity is God's opportunity."

Great evil has happened in our days, and it ſeems referable only to what the ſame divines call "a judicial abandonment;" where wicked men are left to inflict upon themſelves their own puniſhment; and as a warning, perhaps more than a warning, to others alſo. The French revolutions have not only brought calamity on the country of France, but on all the actors in them. They have paſſed before the aſtoniſhed eyes of Europe in a proceſſion of murder, with each man his dagger in his neighbour's back. Every thing that has been done, has been the cauſe of almoſt unmixed evil. Scarcely any evil can appear more unmixed to our friends, to all of them who are religious, and whether in a nearer connexion with their eſtabliſhment or not, than the throwing down of their church by the Atheiſtic rebellion. Yet let us aſk them to

pauſe;—though not till after our loyal recognition of the rights of their monarchy, and our ſincere profeſſion of the Chriſtian faith, and the charity it enjoins to all men. As friends of the French people, as Chriſtians, and as allies of the monarchy of France, let us, then, tell them, that the faith of Chriſtians is the common concern of us all, and that it behoves us all to learn in this reſpect, as in others (and it comprehends all others), from the awful diſpenſations that have paſſed over us. If our minds open to each other, under theſe high impreſſions, we will ſeek for conference. Boſſuet and Claude met formerly as friends. Why ſhould not the honourable companions of this warfare againſt evil alſo confer, with the free admiſſion of each others reaſon!

If we were to ſpeak merely as in our duty of a Proteſtant ſtate, who have often armed for the religious as well as the civil liberties of Europe, we ſhould ſay, that the edict of Nantes was certainly once conſidered by us (it ought never to have been otherwiſe conſidered than) as part of the public guaranteed law of France. We are bound to it (in my mind) to this hour, in a duty of ſomething more than moral perſuaſion. Engliſhmen once would have paid even ſhip money to ſave Rochelle. Beſides the guarantee of policy and right, there was an honourable guarantee of mutual affection between this nation and all the deſcendants of Henry the Fourth. And there was high above them all, but connected and intwined with them as it ſhould be, the duty of a Proteſtant kingdom. There is not a man

now among the royaliſts of France, who would vindicate the repeal of the edict of Nantes. Many indulgences had of late been given to the Proteſtants, till the rebellion roſe which overthrew all,—the givers of favours, and thoſe (ſome of them, themſelves, the fouleſt of the rebels) who received them. Much, therefore, might be ſaid here; but duty carries us far beyond this. We are bound to moral counſel higher far, yet urged with the more meekneſs, as its reaſonableneſs ſhall be the more. We are to urge it in the faithful companionſhip of juſt war, having its own objects in its own reaſon, and not in any bartering of our underſtandings with our advantages. We are to enter France (and as ſerving in honourable alliance its monarchy) for giving a peace, that is, for making a pact and covenant, according to the law of the kingdom, that ſhall preſerve the crown of France, the chivalry of France, the freedom of France, obſcuring nothing of her old renown, but laying the foundations of a greater glory; a peace not to be found in the gloomy quiet of ſatiated ravage, nor in the friendleſs intermiſſion of moral hatred (if this could be!) but in the noble companionſhip (ſo far as this language is permitted to man, and if it be permitted!) of overthrowing evil to produce good. In ſuch an union of warfare there cannot but be an union of mind. Our hearts (I have ſaid) muſt open to each other. We will hold converſe with each other; and about our chief concerns. To love our neighbour does not precede, but it is the beſt mark of our loving our God. The merciful Father of all has graciouſly

promiſed never wholly to leave his offspring. But if we look back to all the length of this century, we ſhall ſee ourſelves in Europe deſerting him. A vain philoſophy, diſſolute manners, and a ſpirit wholly eſtranged from the Chriſtian precept, we ſhall find to have been becoming more and more the character of our highly civilized European commonwealth. Nation, we ſhall ſee, has been corrupting nation, and individual, individual. We will not, therefore, be contented with reſtoring our civility; but conſidering religion as the life of ſociety, and the other only as its ornament, we will ſet ourſelves again to ſeek the God of our fathers. In this path of duty we cannot move a ſtep, without ſeeing that two great opinions part Europe. The line of ſeparation between them is palpable, and the individuals on each ſide of it, with great good will towards each other, yet reject a community of doctrine, (and muſt ever reject it), with a preference of zeal that is all but hoſtile: perſonally hoſtile I mean; for the one ſyſtem is wholly incompatible with the other. The nearer they come to an union, (as in all conteſts of truth), this zeal muſt riſe the higher. The one muſt yield to the other; cannot but yield, unleſs reaſon adjourns the controverſy which it cannot ſettle. Friendſhip, which conciliates every thing elſe, here widens the breach. A friend who wiſhes the happineſs of his friend, can be ſatisfied with nothing other or leſs than his happineſs. There may be a ſorrowing ſilence, and it may be placid and gentle, and full of affection and of love, but if

it ceaſes to be ſorrowing, it is the ſilence of a heart corrupting itſelf. The more we love the ſufferers of France, clergy and laity, the cloſer we draw the bands of affection, the more we muſt wiſh that *their* opinion of what is TRUE, in that truth which alone has this name, ſhould be the ſame with *our* opinion. The *accolade chevaleresque* will only prepare the heart for the ſtraiter embrace of a love in which even itſelf will be loſt, a love to be perfected in " a better coun-" try," the proſpect of which can alone truly endear to us the country of which we are citizens while here. He who ventures his life to ſerve his friend here, will venture himſelf alſo, in all the courage of Chriſtian fear, for promoting his better, his only true, intereſts. It is impoſſible we can fight againſt the democracy of France, in any real ſpirit of friendſhip or valour, that does not produce a vehement deſire, which the love that cauſes it can alone control, of reſtoring with a free monarchy, a Chriſtian church, ſuch as we think a Chriſtian church ſhould be.

The ſame motives (in all human eſtimation) muſt operate in the ſame way upon the royaliſts of France. Bowing under the awful Providence which has viſited their nation, the conſecration of their ſtate will be their firſt offering to the bounty of the Providence which ſhall reſtore them. Uſing all human means (becauſe theſe are the ordinary means of God's will), and placing all due reliance in themſelves and in their helpers, yet ſucceſs (if it comes) will be aſcribed only to Him who alone diſpoſes of all things.

They will ſeek Him in their adverſity, and their proſperity will be the ſeaſon and the cauſe of His praiſe. If their own opinions of how He ſhould be worſhipped be confirmed by their meditations, they will wiſh that we their friends ſhould alſo think with them. Both ſides will be earneſt, and with an earneſtneſs never before known. The two nations never met before as joined in the ſame cauſe with each other, as helpers and helped. Unleſs our views be wholly earthly, unleſs we be practical atheiſts with all our high founding ſpeculations, religious conference will have more place than any deliberation of war or policy. The continuance of debate (a thing which never before happened in the world) will, thus begun, be the increaſe of affection. The zeal which love inflames will be mitigated by love. No advantages of argument will be ſought, no diſplays will be made of ſuperiority. The cauſe on both ſides will be ſeen as it is, in all its beauty, or its want of it. On both ſides it will be agreed, that we have greatly ſinned; that the temper of our minds ſhould be humble; and that our rule of conduct and opinion ſhould be ſought in the Bible, and taking to our aſſiſtance the interpretation of wiſe and moderate men. Without this ſpirit of humility, this contrition of heart for our own ſins, and for the ſins of our fathers, we ſhould acknowledge ourſelves to be no objects of providential bleſſing, nor to have any thing of that character which becomes thoſe who profeſs to do their duty with devout truſt in Him who diſpoſes of all things.

In this ſpirit of humility and love, what ſhall we friends ſay to each other? We will own, that in this great controverſy for the rights of ſocial man, we go but a little way, and even that way upon a bad principle, if it be not for a ſociety of religious men. We will own, that this has hitherto been little in our thoughts; and that, if we have thought of it late, we muſt think of it the more earneſtly. A war of blood, for the eſtabliſhment of irreligion, we will think of much in the ſame way as of a peace with blood, eſtabliſhing it. If we truly hate vice, we muſt truly love virtue. All other deteſtation of crime is a partnerſhip in it. The very judgment is the height of guilt, where the judge himſelf is guilty.

I know that this is not a war for propagating religion, and that there can be no ſuch war. It is a war for the moral purpoſe of preſerving ſociety. It is a war for property againſt robbers; for lawful government againſt rebels. We have no caſe in hiſtory for it, and ſo juriſprudence can give us no rule as to war againſt atheiſm. But we have a plain rule (and wiſhing war to ceaſe at the ſame time wholly and univerſally) that he who goes to war muſt be religious. Are we ſo!

A very general infidelity (I ſpeak of an infidelity that denies all religion natural and revealed) has infected all Europe. Where it has not become dominant, it has been made a ſect. As ſuch it only is with us; and a ſect which public authority has greatly diſcountenanced. To this length we can praiſe ourſelves, and greatly above

the old government of France; yet we know many proſelytes of this ſect. The doctrine is ſtill propagated amongſt us. There are few of our reading men (very few of our young men) who do not pay at this turnpike, and for ſome time paſs on. Perhaps the roads are now ſo broken by the flood of French atheiſm, that none will be found to go that way afterwards. Should this happen, and all ſeeking the right road, who are to be our guides in it? This is a great queſtion, and does not admit of a ſlight anſwer. There are many reaſons for our French friends not ſeeking theſe guides among themſelves, unleſs by going very far back, when they will be found, and as our guides alſo.

I am very unwilling to ſay it; but it muſt be ſaid: The infidelity of France, before her downfal, was great. The church indeed reſiſted. Voltaire was baniſhed, Raynal, Rouſſeau. But the meaſure was not equal. If Diderot was put in the dungeon of Vincennes, D'Alembert was the perpetual ſecretary of the French Academy; of that academy where peers and prelates ſat with the *avoués d'atheiſme*. The interdiction of Voltaire did nothing. Relegated, he was equally at home. His pupils were his repreſentatives, and never was conſtituent better ſerved. They never acted without his order, nor were ſatisfied with their actings without his approbation. They were all applauded in him at laſt, when he was crowned in Paris the people's laureat, for having ſung the requiem of their religion. The theatre was the place of this new conſecration; and though the church did not hold it canoni-

cal, it was not in the leſs repute for that. His honours went, in the due courſe of ſucceſſion, to the family of the Encyclopediſtes. The bays of infidelity ſtill flouriſhed in the ſnows of that Parnaſſus, nouriſhed by the central heat of the new philoſophy. A ranker vegetation has ſince ſmothered them, in the portentous growth that has ſprung out of the lava of the revolution. The ſcreaming of the foul birds that neſtle in this peſtilential foliage has none of the modulation of the old atheiſtic ſong; yet the harpies, we know, were leſs dangerous than the ſyrens. The ravages in "life's feaſt," made by the revolutionary atheiſts (if that ſpirit of reſiſtance be continued which they have called forth) will have only diſturbed for a time (I ſpeak not of the memory of moral indignation; that is the portion of all of us who are alive while we ſhall live; but if we reſiſt ſo as to overcome, they will only have diſturbed for a time) the community of Europe, which the witcheries of a more deceitful philoſophy might have changed into a maſs of materialiſts, denying their exiſtence here, as well as hereafter. Voltaire did not go this dreadful length; neither did Rouſſeau; nor perhaps others; but the general philoſophy was, to make man a being much beneath the beaſts that periſh, while it raiſed him on an elevation of impiety, to a preſent tranſitory height, above all former ſwellings of his vain imagination. The ſame philoſophy ſubſiſts ſtill; but its more daring blaſphemies againſt the Sovereign of all, and its horrid cruelties againſt his offſpring, will make its duration

leſs if our deteſtation is not loſt in our fear, and its deſtruction, when once overthrown (let us in all humility hope it) perpetual. We will all be religious. It is not poſſible (in any moral view of our circumſtances) that it ſhould not be ſo. But the religion of man (I mean what men have called ſuch) has often not been the worſhip of God; and there is great danger at this time, that it ſhould be leſs ſo than at almoſt any former period. The reaſon is very obvious.

Whatever religion there was in France (and I am willing to think there was a great deal) was hoſtile, not in principle merely, but as in the proper ſpirit of perſonal enmity, to the falſe ſcience which degraded man, and diſhonoured his Creator; and by which itſelf was ſought to be deſtroyed, as being a religion as ſuch, by theſe enemies of all religion. In general caſes, where a ſyſtem is attacked with bitterneſs and rage in whole, every part of it becomes dear. What we would have yielded to friendly reaſon, we retain with obſtinacy againſt injuſtice. If the injuſtice be defeated, the thing we have ſaved is an object of full and undivided affection. It is an affection not merely for the thing itſelf, but of hatred to him that would have taken it from us. We love what we were formerly indifferent to; and even what was diſeſteemed, has, for this reaſon, ſome ſhare in our fondneſs. This is a weakneſs of our nature certainly vouched by experience. If this weakneſs have any place with our French friends, the errors and ſuperſtitions which (as we think) formerly marred their religion, will marr its re-eſtabliſhment

ſtill more. It will be leſs the worſhip of God, than we even thought it before; if it were poſſible that in our judgment this could be. It would ſurely be the ſilliest of all affectations to diſſemble what they know as well as ourſelves, that we thought ill of the ſyſtem of the church of Rome, however great our eſteem was of the individuals. They know as well as we do, that the public law of our ſtate itſelf (and not for any political reaſon) refuſes all alliance with the principles of that church, and forbids even to our crown (by the conſtitution of the monarchy) any mingling of proteſtant with popiſh blood. As a *nation*, we cannot unite with them for a moment; and a Roman Catholic marriage would break our line of royalty. For what purpoſe are things thus? Do we prohibit what we think indifferent, and reject that which has no evil! Is it only a duty to ourſelves? Alas! this duty to ourſelves will carry us but a little way in what we have now to do! I hope it is not for ſelf-preſervation alone we fight, but for the French monarchy. I hope it is not only that we may worſhip God aright ourſelves, but that others alſo may worſhip him, uſing all mild perſuaſion, and with all the humility but ſtrength of our reaſon, that we have proclaimed and ſanctioned our national opinion of what that worſhip ſhould be. Are our friends, our companions in this moral war, to be left without counſel to their own infirmities! Are we to encourage, by our ſilence, the evil propenſities of our common nature, by which they may be led (as we ourſelves might be led in the ſame circumſtances) to the conſecration of

the very mummeries of that religion which they had rescued from the hands of a cruel foe! Are we to permit (so far as our advice can restrain it) that popery should become more a sect than it has at any time been since its great overthrow! Or are we, with a guilty indifference, which shall be nick-named courtesy, to hold popery and protestantism to be one and the same, or with diversities which are of no moment, so as to exclude even friendly discussion (when for the first time in the world we have met as friends), as the mark of a blind, misguided, converting zeal! If we act upon these, or any of these motives, the war ceases to be a moral war; for it is a war which renounces, as on our part, the alliance between moral action and religious sentiment. The war, from that moment, sinks into mere self-defence, from *fear* for ourselves, not of benevolence, and in self defence also, for the *succour* of others. It sinks into much worse, evil as this is; for the war being, unless for the purposes of ambition (and such purposes we wholly disavow), a war for the destruction of injustice, cannot answer its end, if the establishment of justice (in all the liberal means that right and circumstances give) is not made its object in every part of it. There have been just wars, formerly; but they did not seek justice as their end: they were made only for reparation of wrong. In the circumstances of this war, we do not seek the reparation of wrong principally. We are armed for the purpose of *establishing*, by the adequate means, the peace and liberties of Europe. Perhaps the war

of Guſtavus Adolphus has ſome reſemblance of principle to this war. *It* eſtabliſhed the treaty of Munſter. But who, with us, will be the parties in the grand pact, that is in our days to give (for ſuch, I truſt, will be the caſe) ſecurity and happineſs to Europe! Certainly none but the royaliſts of France, known or to be known. What is our duty to them? It is the duty of friends ſeeking the ſame object, and opening to each other their hearts. It is to have a communion of religion as well as of policy. It would be mournful that our friendſhip ended with our military companionſhip. Yet as a nation it muſt end, (in the individuals nothing can end it) if popery is the religion of France. A Roman catholic alliance has never been popular in Britain, nor admitted at all, but for ſome collateral purpoſe. If the horrors and crimes we have ſo long ſeen, improve our virtue (by the contraſt) into religion, which can only be done by ſubduing them; we will ſtill leſs bear a national friendſhip, which can have no common object, and is a ſort of renunciation of our national faith. The firſt buſineſs of peace, (in ſuch friendſhip as muſt then enſue), would be individual conference. Why ſhould it not be the conſolation of our ſtruggles for peace, in whatever way theſe muſt be made? Why ſhould it not be the chief object now, if it is to be ſo afterwards? There are objects more immediate; I own it: but none ſo great. What can be ſo great!

There are three things chiefly on which we

might ſpeak in the ſtyle of friendly debate, with our French friends; the authority of the Pope; the authority of the Church; and the doctrine which the Scripture ſets forth (according as each of us may think), concerning the ſalvation of mankind. The two firſt are worth the conſidering only as connected with the laſt; but we have perſuaded ourſelves that the reaſonings of our catholic friends on the two firſt matters do great injury to the laſt. The whole ſyſtem, too, (we think), hangs together. What is taught beſides comes from the teacher; and in the Romiſh ſyſtem, the great teacher is the pope. When the church has at any time taken upon them this office, it has been in ſubordination (more or leſs) to his authority. *Their* teaching, as well as *his*, has often been (as we think) wrong; and their claim to teach, and their manner of teaching wrong alſo. We even think, *in our capacity of a church*, and moſt of us think as individuals (perhaps all do; I certainly do myſelf; and all who do not ſhould leave our church), that the Romiſh ſyſtem is that Antichriſt whoſe riſe and deſtruction are deſcribed in the Bible. With ſuch belief, can I heſitate, can any man among us heſitate, can our church heſitate, to tell our companions in this warfare againſt evil, that this is an evil to be taken away alſo, by their abandoning it as we have abandoned it? In our whole ſpeaking together, we have only to conſider this, that we invade not the rights of their underſtanding, nor preſumptuouſly exalt our own.

I ſhall ſpeak of the ſubject only in the way

of very common reaſon. I have neither ſtrength nor means for taking any other road. The highest genius and the deepeſt erudition have been exerciſed, foiled, and yet have done much, in the explanation of the prophecies. It becomes me, and it fits the ſubject (as here a matter of common ſenſe and common prudence), to go no farther than plain argument will carry me in its own force, and in its relations with the circumſtances in which we are placed. The firſt thing is the authority of the pope.

It is an authority which has, from the beginning, umbraged the independency of the crown of France. Its attempts of this ſort were indeed always baffled, but it is only of late that they have been abandoned. The abandonment has been more from want of power to enforce the claim, than from any direct will to relinquiſh it. It may be ſaid, that if the pope is to the French nation only a biſhop, that this is a reaſon why he ſhould continue a biſhop. He is an object now only of religious reverence, and in no way of political ſovereignty. But of what religious reverence? Is it as the primate of France, though reſiding at Rome? In this caſe, if the reverence be ſincere, the influence will be great. The ſuperſtition even is not unexampled, where the reverence has riſen in proportion to the weakneſs. It is incompatible with a free government to have a foreign influence leading in domeſtic affairs. If it be not as primate of France that the pope is venerated, but as the head of the Roman catholic religion, then the church is at once without connexion with the

ſtate, and above the throne. The pope is ſovereign, not of the *Campagna di Roma*, but of every catholic kingdom, and of all the individuals in them throughout Europe. This is his right. It may indeed be limited by certain guaranteed franchiſes, as in the caſe of the Gallican church; but ſuch privileges (or call them what you will) guarantee in their turn the rights which they limit. The danger of two ſovereigns, one eccleſiaſtic and another civil, ſtill remains. It is according to the fancy of the people, that the one will be obeyed or the other; and the eccleſiaſtic ſovereign will have far the beſt chance, where there is any religion in the nation. When he is diſobeyed, each inſtance of diſobedience is a weakening of religion, by leſſening the influence of him who is its head. If he is never diſobeyed, he will be the ſole ſovereign, whether the obedience be of will or neceſſity. A religious ſovereign can have no equal. Even the eldeſt ſon of the church, in his perpetual minority, with paternal indulgence will feel paternal power. It is thus, if the pope be a religious ſovereign. If he be a biſhop in ſubjection to the king of France, his function labours under all the diſabilities and anomalies that can be named. He is a foreign biſhop, a biſhop not of the king's appointment, a biſhop elected by no known body in the kingdom, and a biſhop without a dioceſe. If his dioceſe be Chriſtendom (as it is called), we are again where we were; for he is the king of Chriſtendom; and his kingdom will only be the ſtronger (if it ex-

ist at all), by its incapacity of name or definition.

The pope must be accordingly a mere name and nothing, or his power must be paramount and boundless. Both are equally reasons (though not equally strong reasons), for taking the name and the office away.

Yet the history of France (it may be said) contradicts this account, where, with great reverence for his person and office, the pope's authority had never been able to overthrow the church or the throne. In the frequent contests with the see of Rome, the church and crown of France have prevailed constantly. Be it so. Yet the contests are unseemly, were dangerous, and why should there be any? If the Pope, as the head saint (such is his unchristian claim), be the preceptor and father of the whole faithful, why do his scholars murmur and his children rebel? His authority should cease with his utility. So it has done, and not unfrequently, in the person, though not in the office. But the authority itself is personal, not official, by the nature of the thing, and, unless we predicate an absolute absurdity. For if we should even say that it was official, this only makes it personal the more, because the office gives it; and what gives any thing cannot also have what is destructive of the gift; which is to give nothing. A ceasing of the pope's authority in any instance, is a ceasing of it, therefore, in all instances, and for ever. For this supposes the taught able to instruct the teacher, and gives the infallibility ascribed to his supremacy of counsel, to the office and not

to the man! It thus ſeparates what is inſeparable; or it makes the office of pope as dependent on his followers as any other function conferred by choice. He is, in this view, a ſimple preſbyter, not a ſovereign biſhop. He is not even a preſbyter; for he is alſo, in this view, accountable to every member of his vaſt congregation throughout the world. In other words, and in the plain ſenſe of the thing, he is a religious demagogue. And his power conſiſts in two things; in making the people ignorant that they may worſhip him, or in pardoning their ſins, that they may love him. *His infallibility* renders *their knowledge* unneceſſary; and *his power* diſpenſes with *their virtue*. Like any other demagogue he may have his acts of ſeverity too, by conſulting well the circumſtances of time and place. In this way of conſidering him, as in all the others, his power is boundleſs in idea as it is in name. It is the more ſo for depending upon the will of his adherents. The office is perpetual; and the man of their mind, though the man of ſin, will poſſeſs the more power in proportion to the weakneſs of the one that preceded him.

Thoſe of the Romiſh communion themſelves (unleſs by directly aſſerting his infallibility) have never defined the pope's power. Boſſuet has told us even (to mention no other authority) that the pope, at the council of Trent, wiſhed it not to be defined. The Cardinal of Lorraine (as every body knows), at the head of the French clergy, oppoſed the ſubſcribing of a formula by which the pope was to be ſet above

the council. The pope himſelf, when conſulted on the formula, requeſted that nothing might be defined concerning which the council were not unanimous. Boſluet praiſes this reſponſe of the pope (the convoker himſelf, let it be remembered, and the acknowledged natural preſident of the council) as ſettling with admirable preciſion the line which divides the certain from the doubtful. It was thus eſtabliſhed (and by the pope's authority), that his ſuperiority to the council was *doubtful.* Accordingly, another of their divines informs us (which Cardinal Perron alſo tells James VI.) that the pope's ſuperiority over an œcumenical council is not *abſolutely* a matter of faith; and that it does not deſerve cenſure as hereſy, error, or even raſhneſs, to maintain the ſuperiority of the council to the pope. From this they conclude (whatever the run of their doctors may teach privately, and which they acknowledge is taught), that the pope's infallibility can be no objection to thoſe who are otherwiſe not averſe to their communion. But this *certainty* of *doubtfulneſs* is all that the pope's infallibility needs; and the very thing that it needs. *He* calls the council; *he* preſides in it; *he* is an integrant part of it. Would he call a council, which by his *neceſſary* ſuperiority could do nothing, is nothing! All aſking of advice is an acknowledgment of equality at the leaſt; in many caſes, it may be, of ſuperiority. To call thoſe who *cannot* adviſe you becauſe they *ought* not, is to call nobody. A council of which the pope is the neceſſary ſuperior is no council. It is a contradiction in

terms. With ſuch a council he could do nothing. But a council of which he is decreed to be the *doubtful ſuperior* is the very baſis of his power. It has that reſiſtance which can alone give dominion any ſtability. Its inert force is exactly calculated for the load it has to bear. Upon it every thing reſts, and all is poiſed. *Hic* PRIMUM *paribus nitens Cyllenius alis conſtitit.* The attractive conſolidation of this maſs roſe into a loftineſs of power. The ſacerdotal chief ſat there as in his eyrie. *Hinc toto præceps ſe corpore ad undas miſit; avi ſimilis, circum quæ litora, circum, humilis volat æquora juxta.* When from this high region he touched the earth, his humility was to be the gaze of mortals. The bold ſummit from whence he had precipitated himſelf, fell as by enchantment when he had left it. The whole maſs was parted into its own inſignificance, to gravitate again into the foundation of his power, at what time he could tread upon the neck of kings by no other elevation.

The *doubtful ſuperiority* of popes and councils is thus the *decided ſuperiority* of the firſt. The modeſt will own it; thoſe who are not violent will acquieſce in it; and the refractory will be bowed under it. Even ſhould the pope ſink where he thought to ſtand, in any of the rifts and yawnings of ſtriving heat, the dirge of him who falls will only be the anthem of him who riſes. If a pope is neceſſary, a pope muſt be had. He will ſpring out of the earth with the *doubtful ſuperiority* on his head; *naſcens alius et idem;* in all the poſſible ſucceſſions. A ſet of pope-depoſing councils is an abſurdity. A ſeries

of council-calling popes is the ruin of popery, or its exaltation; the laſt rather.

We are, therefore, again at the man; the only judge of faith, or no judge of it. If the laſt, he is uſeleſs. If the former, impious. There is no midſt. The doubtful ſuperiority is not a midſt; but the abſolute, and the only declaration that men can make of one man's infallibility.

Thus councils do not controul the pope. He has the doubtful ſuperiority. But is this taken away by any thing elſe? Is the college of cardinals a controul? Then what becomes of the pope's infallibility? Where is even his doubtful ſuperiority? Is it the pope and the college together that are infallible, or doubtfully ſuperior? Then whence the infallibility of general councils, or their doubtful ſuperiority? Is the infallibility of any of them only a name? Then in which of them is placed the real infallibility? Have each of them a doubtful infallibility? Then will not the ſummation of doubts make a doubtful whole? Will the doubtful ſuperiority help to ſettle the doubtful infallibility? O! ſtrange abuſe of human reaſon! O! miſerable penury of fraudulent ſpeech! Forgive me, my friends! But do you not ſee the tyranny of one man covered with the rags and remnants of words, that the ſpirit of evil may keep him, his adviſers, you, the world, in the manacles of thoſe errors, which his malice and deceit have impoſed upon mankind, by means of a ſyſtem which prohibits inquiry, and proſcribes correction; by which every man's faith being that of

his neighbour, no faith is left at all, and religion is banifhed from the earth!

The argument as to the authority of the church ftands upon the fame ground with that of the Pope's infallibility: which yet it wholly overturns; fo hoftile to themfelves are all the parts of the Roman catholic fyftem. Its whole force refts (as its ableft advocates Nicole and Boffuet have placed it) upon the infufficiency of private judgment; and which they fay is equally acknowledged in all their proceedings and eftablifhments, by the proteftant church alfo. Some authority there muft be of the laft refort, where all controverfies receive decifion. This is the argument in which Boffuet triumphs in the celebrated conference between him and Mr. Claude, in the matter of Mademoifelle de Duras. Yet it is an argument, as they put it, which (in the natural relationfhip of error) is akin to the palmary feafoning of the new philofophy. There muft, indeed, be a judgment of the laft refort. To deny this, is to fay that there is no judgment. This judgment, as the judgment of man, has man's imperfection. It will be leaft imperfect in thofe who are the wifeft. In the abftract truth, therefore, it is effentially implied, that this judgment in the laft refort is of the wifeft: And of the wifeft exercifing in the judgment given their full wifdom. In the circumftances, it may happen, in point of *fact*, that the power of judgment is not given to the wifeft. Or they may fail in their wifdom at the time of judging. In either cafe, their judgment ceafes to be of the

laſt reſort; becauſe in neither caſe are they the wiſeſt. The laſt reſort is then in the conſcience of the individual. Judgment in the laſt reſort is juſt judgment. Juſt judgment is only of juſt men. It is needleſs to ſay that I ſpeak only of human juſtice; as, before God, there is none juſt, no not one. Is the *univerſal catholic church* even of Boſſuet, Arnauld, and Nicole; of Perron and Bellarmine; of the Innocents, Alexanders, Leos, Urbans, or of him who was called Gregory the Great, a church of juſt men? Boſſuet himſelf tells Mademoiſelle de Duras, that *the church is a ſociety which profeſſes to believe the doctrine of Chriſt, and to govern itſelf by his word.* This is not ſaid once. It is the abſolute definition, incapable of alteration; as every Roman catholic knows. The whole Roman catholic ſyſtem hangs by it, and falls with it. But all who *profeſs* to believe the doctrine of Chriſt are not juſt men. If they profeſs to believe it, and do not believe it, they are unjuſt men. The judgment of laſt reſort can only be in thoſe who *believe* what they *profeſs*. In the *fact*, the conteſt among ſuch men will be who ſhall *not* be the judges. In the *right*, the judgment is, by natural neceſſity, in thoſe of them who are the wiſeſt. The wiſeſt of the juſt, and the juſteſt of the wiſe, have, therefore, the judgment in the laſt reſort: And the one quality (in ſcientific abſoluteneſs) contains the other. By the Roman catholic definition, the judgment of laſt reſort, if given to the church, (to the church, as *they* define it) is given not to the juſt nor to the wiſeſt.

Even as we proteſtants define the church, the

udgment of laſt reſort, in regard of fact, may not be the judgment in the regard of right; for it may not be in the juſt and in the wiſeſt; or itſelf may not be juſt and wiſe. And here it is that the difficulty begins, but a difficulty of circumſtances merely, to be ſettled as in all other caſes of circumſtance by moral prudence and true Chriſtian ſubmiſſion to thoſe who are placed in authority over us. But moral prudence cannot be employed in oppoſition to itſelf. If we knowingly admit an incompetent judge, it is in vain to employ the means of obtaining a deciſion. To employ them is wrong, in the firſt inſtance, and by our own act. We go where we ſhould not go. The proteſtants, who define the church to be the community of thoſe who believe the doctrine of Chriſt which they profeſs, eſtabliſh a competent tribunal. That is, the proteſtants have a judge; the Roman catholics have none. The tribunal may err; but judgment is not excluded. And the only matter that remains, is to ſettle the proper human means of preventing error. This is done in civil affairs by a gradation of judges. And reaſon preſcribes the ſame in all affairs. It is a matter diſputed among us; but the rule of church government, beſides, can be peculiarly deduced from the Scriptures. There can be no gradation of judges, where there is no judge.

It may be ſaid that the proteſtant definition is nugatory: For that we do not know certainly who thoſe are that believe what they profeſs. But, *firſt*, this does not affect the *right* of judgment, which *can* be *only* in thoſe who believe

what they profeſs. And, *ſecondly*, as to the matter of fact, as faith is ſhown by works, we have a ſufficient human rule for judging who they are that believe what they profeſs. But we muſt not forget, that while we thus admit ſufficient human certainty, the objection is good to this length, and eſtabliſhes this truth, that it is only human certainty. He indeed who diſturbs this human certainty, without ſhewing his cauſe, is a traitor to morality and an enemy of order. Yet as being human certainty, cauſe may be ſhewn; ſo as to obtain a new, or adopt a contrary judgment. The authority is great of the eſtabliſhed certainty; but it is not what the Roman Catholic definition makes the perverſe certainty they have eſtabliſhed to be; a certainty, all oppoſition to which infers neceſſarily that the oppoſer errs. This is juſt a vicious double of argument, by which the opinion of ſome is made the opinion of all; not by reaſonable ſubmiſſion, in the exerciſe of judgment, but by forcibly taking the exerciſe away. The exerciſe of his judgment belongs to every man. Yet it muſt be a judgment according to the word of God: And IT directs him to ſeek inſtruction. And unleſs his judgment of himſelf be that he is wiſer than all other men, he will find a judge in him that is wiſer; while his ſubmiſſion to the judgment of another is ſtill itſelf his own judgment. It is thus that the judgment of the wiſeſt is found in the proteſtant church, in thoſe who have the promiſe of the direction of the Spirit of God, as being not lords over us, but fellow-helpers of our joy. To them we

yield the willing ſubmiſſion of our reaſon. *They* teach at the ſame time, and *we* know, that while *there is a ſpirit in man*, it is yet only *the inſpiration of the Almighty that giveth him underſtanding.*

The Roman catholic definition, therefore, contains a twofold contradiction. It makes *all* equally judges; thus taking away all judgment; for he that is leſs wiſe who judges another who is more wiſe in that in which he is more wiſe, takes away judgment. It makes *none* judges; for it allows none to chooſe a judge. The judgment is in the *catholic* church, the WHOLE church; that is, is nowhere. He who thinks another man wiſer than himſelf, breaks the definition. If it be anſwered, that he may think all wiſer than himſelf (that is, wiſe ſo as to exclude his judgment), the reply is, that this is univerſal ignorance. If a thouſand men *each* think, that nine hundred and ninety-nine ought alone to think, *none* of the thouſand think. Indiſcriminate judgment is no judgment; and univerſal authority is no authority. Private judgment is taken away, and public judgment is not given. It is a league of univerſal ignorance, in which this definition binds, by its theoretic power, the whole human race.

In matter of fact we know, that as this theoretical acknowledgment of univerſal ignorance could not, in the poſſibility of things, have any exiſtence, what has exiſted has, therefore, been an aſſertion of infallible wiſdom in one man, the Pope; or in his cardinals, or in his councils. This is in direct contradiction to the definition, which placing the wiſdom in the whole church,

places it, of neceſſity, in no individual, nor body of individuals. But as the definition cannot ſtand, like all natural contradictions, it becomes, in the matter of fact, to be the contradiction of itſelf. All being ignorant by the definition, ſome one becomes wiſe, in oppoſition to it, in the fact. Being thus wiſe by his own aſſumption, his wiſdom is, therefore, uncontrouled. All follow him. *Their* ignorance is his wiſdom. In *reaſon*, that is, in the relation, by which in the aſſumption, he is as to them, his wiſdom ſhould augment their ignorance. And the fact is accordingly. At leaſt, the fact limps after the theory; for it never has been able to come fully up to it. Some of thoſe neareſt this aſſumed wiſdom have ſometimes thought they had a ſhare; and they uſed it, as it was uſed, to increaſe the general ignorance. Thus the wiſdom which proceeded from ignorance, acted in the nature of its cauſe; and, after circling its dark horizon, ſet where it roſe. The meteoric illuminations that croſſed this night, met and were loſt in the thickneſs of its vapour. If ſome purer rays aſcended, their light fell not back. The reſt ſunk as they roſe in its deadly exhalations.

The authority of the church, in its imaginary circuit, thus leaves us where it found us; at the feet of one man whoſe wiſdom reſts on the baſe of univerſal ignorance. The *church* eludes us even as the phantom of a word; for it is denied of himſelf by every individual. The thing is found in the Pope (if this profanation muſt ſound in our years), who yet wears it only as an airy clothing. It is a ſort of atmoſphere to his

power, in which he breathes and is refreſhed. Other exiſtence it has none, nor can have.

The doctrines of this perſon, propagated by this medium, can be of little utility; for who can underſtand them? If his power were univerſal, all the human race would ſurceaſe their exiſtence of reaſon. Yet he has had his expounders; none of them not equal to this *official* perſonage, even in his duration of centuries; moſt of them his ſuperiors; and the natural contradictors of their own unnatural ſubmiſſion, while they practiſe, defend, or recommend it. But the doctrine of them all has been a doctrine different from the goſpel. Let Boſſuet himſelf ſpeak for the reſt. I do not believe that any Roman Catholic will aſk a fairer expoſition of his creed than is given in the book of the variations of the proteſtant churches.

This doctrine of the Roman Catholic church, as it is to be found in this its moſt able interpreter, generally is, but moſt explicitly is, that mankind are not ſaved by the imputation of the righteouſneſs of Chriſt, but by their own repentance and good works, accepted on account of Chriſt's righteouſneſs, and merited for us from God by it. The Chriſtian religion, upon this ſcheme, conſiſts in believing the merits of Chriſt to be the procuring cauſe of our good works, while our good works are to be the procuring cauſe of the favour of God and of eternal life. A doctrine which takes Chriſtianity out of the world; and is the ſame as denying

the revelation which God has made of his mercy to man.

The doctrine of the Bible revived in the eſtabliſhment of the Reformation, and never wholly loſt before it, is that all the world is guilty before God, who was, notwithſtanding, graciouſly pleaſed to provide and to accept of a ſatisfaction which we could not make ourſelves, but which is wrought out in our room by the Saviour of the World; who has made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlaſting righteouſneſs. To ſuppoſe this righteouſneſs not ſufficient to ſatisfy the offended juſtice of God, was to blaſpheme the Divine Perſon, who, as God-man, in our nature, wrought it out for us. It was not more blaſphemy, but it was the ſame blaſphemy, to imagine that our works could be added to this righteouſneſs, either as to ſupply its deficiency, or to merit any further reward. The righteouſneſs of Chriſt was eſſentially and neceſſarily all ſufficient. As ſuch it could admit no other righteouſneſs to merit further, or to merit along with it. As little (for there is no leſs) could it merit God's producing in us good works, *for the purpoſe* of theſe good works *meriting themſelves* our ſalvation. This was making the righteouſneſs of the ſinner more than the righteouſneſs of the Saviour. This was making man to merit more for himſelf than the ſecond Perſon of the Trinity, God over all, bleſſed for ever, had merited for him. It was ſuppoſing that the Almighty Judge of all the earth was not ſatisfied with the righteouſneſs of Chriſt,

and could be ſatisfied by the righteouſneſs of man; and that this righteouſneſs of man, or his obedience to the law of God, was not merely neceſſary in conformity to, and as a fruit of his juſtification by the free grace of God, but was the meriting cauſe of this juſtification. Such religion had not the excuſe of Pagan ignorance: And it carried with it the blaſphemous ſubverſion of all Chriſtianity. Had the practices of the church of Rome, its inſtitutions, its virtues, been ſuch as we have been accuſtomed to praiſe (rightly and wrongly) in the old Romans and Greeks, ſuch virtue even, with ſuch claims, and with the Bible in their poſſeſſion, would have been dreadful guilt. With the practice as it was, if we ſhould ſay the guilt was more prominent to human eyes, it would be a ſinful confeſſion of the ſinfulneſs of our nature.

This is a ſubject which ought not to be ſpoken of out of the pulpit, or by thoſe who are not in the lawful right of inſtructing men from that place of high authority. Laymen do not in this country (nor in any proteſtant country, more than with our Roman Catholic friends) explain the doctrines of our holy religion. There is no example of note, ſave that of Lord Hale. And his admirable treatiſes were deſigned primarily for his own meditation. Proteſtants acknowledge a church, whoſe teachers inſtruct, rebuke, and exhort, with all authority. It is their lips that are to keep knowledge, and the law is to be learned from their mouth. With no unchriſtian claim of domination, they have, and the more for this, (as I have ſaid) the willing ſub-

miſſion of our underſtandings. Their exercise of authoriſed wiſdom does not belong to me. I have ſaid almoſt all that is needful to ſay; and that becomes me: But not all. The dreadful antagoniſm to all that is Chriſtian, in the horrid Roman Catholic doctrine, is a common danger which the common effort is to repel. When our Roman Catholic friends ſhall ſee it, they will caſt it from them with an indignation at leaſt equal to ours.

This horrible deformity I have not exaggerated. I have done all but ſoftened it. The Roman Catholic religion ſays, in expreſs words, that the righteouſneſs of Chriſt has not merited our ſalvation, but merited that our own works ſhould merit it. This is the great myſtery of iniquity, which has wrought ſo long and ſo ſucceſsfully againſt the glory of God and the happineſs of man. It ſeems to admit, in the heedleſs glance of human pride and ignorance, that man is incapable of performing any duty without the all-powerful operation of his Creator to that effect. It ſeems to admit, in the ſame blindneſs of human preſumptuouſneſs, that this operation is obtained for us by the atonement and ſatisfaction of our Redeemer. It thus makes man forget the fundamental article of our faith, and the reaſonable propoſition (to a certain extent of it) of even natural religion, that mortal man cannot be juſt before God, that our goodneſs reacheth not unto Him; and that our righteouſneſs (as is graciouſly revealed) is only of the Lord. Our ſalvation is not of works, leſt any man ſhould boaſt. Woe is me! for

I am undone; becauſe I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midſt of a people of unclean lips—is the humble confeſſion of all thoſe who have ſeen in the truth of his revelation "the King, whoſe name is the Lord of Hoſts!" The higheſt attainments of the greateſt ſaints have only made them ſee the more the evils of their nature. The more we ſee the majeſty and greatneſs of Him, who humbleth himſelf to behold the things that are in heaven and that are in earth, the more will we ſee our own nothingneſs before Him, our own ſinfulneſs and guilt, and the more will we ſeek our only refuge in his ſalvation which ſhall be for ever, and his righteouſneſs that ſhall not be aboliſhed. All creature perfection muſt fade, and all creature confidence die away, in the contemplation of the Creator. To that man, God hath promiſed to look who is of a broken and a contrite ſpirit, and who trembleth at his word. To thoſe who thus fear him his ſalvation will be near, and glory will have its habitation in their land. They will be made to flow together to the goodneſs of the Lord; and for temporal bleſſings alſo; for corn, and for wine, and for oil. Putting no confidence in the fleſh, and being made graciouſly to know, by the powerful working of his ſpirit, that they have nothing whereof to glory before God, they will rejoice in that ſalvation which is offered to the acceptance of their faith by the goſpel. This will be a glorying infinitely greater than the glorying could have been of man, had he even ſtood in his ſtate of uprightneſs. It is a glorying, not in themſelves,

but in God himſelf as theirs, and in his righteouſneſs as theirs; in his righteouſneſs who hath redeemed them. They will boaſt in God all the day long, and ſtill praiſe his name. Taught by his gracious ſpirit, that it is not for works of righteouſneſs that they have done, but according to his mercy, that they are ſaved, being juſtified by faith, and having peace with God through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who for them and in their place, and to the glory of all the attributes of God, has magnified the law and made it honourable, they will ſing of mercy and of judgment, even unto the Lord they will ſing. This is Chriſtianity. This is what we ſhould all ſeek to attain, and be ſenſible of how little we have attained it. Any thing elſe, and ſtill the more for our nominal profeſſion, is worſe than any coldneſs of doubt, or heat of ſuperſtition. A man who uſes the Bible to deſtroy its own revelation, had much better be a heathen or an infidel.

It would not accord with the tenor of God's providence, as exemplified in the ſcripture, if men had not been forewarned by the ſpirit of prophecy, both that this horrid evil was to arrive, and that it was to be deſtroyed in its time. The viſions of the apocalypſe are a chief part of our religion. Their interpretation is the duty, but it is alſo the humbling, of our reaſon. All who have attempted it have failed; and none have attempted it but thoſe whoſe genius honoured their age and country; for I cannot be ſuppoſed to include among its interpreters the rhapſodical or democratic pamphlets of the day. I

ſpeak of Newton, of Napier, of Hurd, of Jurieu, of Mede, and of Warburton and Durham; and of thoſe that they have taught. Yet modeſt inquiry is ſtill allowed to all; perhaps more is allowed to none. He who hath underſtanding is enjoined by the prophecy itſelf to ſearch out its meaning. But while it is a duty thus that all ſhould undertake, it is a duty of difficulty in which no man ſhould be preſumptuous, or ſhould think at all as of himſelf; much leſs require others to think with him. I mean in the detailed explanation. For to doubt that the church of Rome, that the popedom, is Antichriſt, is the ſame thing as to reject the book of the Revelation wholly. The time in which this church began to be antichriſtian, the time in which as ſuch it is to be deſtroyed, is a ſubject of human reaſoning, and therefore of human error. But that it began to be ſuch, and that as ſuch it is to be deſtroyed, is a matter of clear declaration, which precludes all reaſoning, by an appeal to all fact.

The members of that church will indeed ſay otherwiſe. But I aſk them to read what I have juſt now ſet down of its doctrine. Whoever may preach ſuch doctrine, or doctrine reſembling it any where, it is in the creed or doxologies of no number of men, few or many, that now exiſt, or ever have exiſted, except the church of Rome. If the members of the church of Rome anſwer to this, that it muſt, therefore, be the true doctrine, for that the church of Rome is the univerſal church in point of right, and in point of fact once covered all, and ſtill

covers great part of, Europe; ſuch anſwer is the proof of what we affirm: for the *WHORE* is to corrupt the kings of the earth, who are to drink of the wine of her fornications. It is not obſcure ſects, or ſmall and weak aſſociations of men, that are in the prophecy. It is a power foretold that ſhould enſlave the earth, and number among its votaries the kings of the nations. Nor was their devotion to be cold or forced It was to be violent and enthuſiaſtic; a full poſſeſſion of all their mind. They are to be made *DRUNK*. And the wine which is to overpower them is to be mingled by the hands of ſeduction itſelf, by the miſtreſs enchantreſs, the mother of harlots. All language is faint and inexpreſſive but that of the prophecy itſelf. A common preſbyterian in this country, whoſe hands, in nouriſhing and ruling his family, have never held any thing but his Bible and his plough, would find nothing in the language that I uſe to ſoothe his ears but the truth of it. To bring it home with force upon his mind he muſt have the words themſelves, as they are in the ſacred volume, which has taught him that his only duty as a member of the ſtate, is to his king, and, as a human creature, to the Almighty.

I ſay no more than this; and never will ſay more. It is prophesied that the church of Rome ſhall fall; that church which *DOCTRINALLY* tells mankind that their righteouſneſs can merit along with, and can merit what has not been merited by, the righteouſneſs of their Redeemer. That church, which having thus ſet up men's works as a debt of payment againſt the Creator,

has made theſe works, *in their beſt ſtate*, to be the robbery of his eſſential honour and worſhip, by paying it to creatures alive and dead, or through creatures; and, *in the ordinary run of them*, to be mere dead ſervices, or ſuperſtitious embalments of their own fancies, frequently covering the practice, or purchaſing the licenſe of ſin and crime;—that church which boldly annihilates human reaſon, to deify, with the blaſphemous donation, one poor mortal, who is to propagate the doctrine among them, that what he commands is to be their claim of reward in preference to the righteouſneſs wrought out by their Redeemer! This is the church of Rome! Or the church of Rome, if this be it not, is cold atheiſm. Plutarch of old, and Warburton more lately, and between them, as in time, Lord Bacon, have diſputed whether ſuperſtition or atheiſm was the moſt diſmal error. In thoſe who maintain all its doctrines, and they are not of the church who do not maintain them all, the dreadful queſtion admits not my deciſion.

I therefore again ſay, that we are engaged in this war of juſtice (ſo far as this ought to be ſpoken of man) in the deſtruction of evil: And that evil is not to be deſtroyed by halves; if our Catholic friends ſhall be brought to think, in the free conviction of their own mind, and receiving our willing ſervices, as otherwiſe their due, that the ſyſtem of popery is indeed evil. Whatever our mere natural feelings, ſlightly ſtrung, may ſound to us, the full vibrations belong to a ſyſtem of higher harmony than even

the ſubduing of crime and the eſtabliſhment of juſtice. It is for the reſtoration of religion to man; of his happineſs here, of his hopes hereafter. The ſeeking the one without the other, though they are to be ſought each in their own way, (and I have been guilty here myſelf), is great crime.

My zeal indeed is not new. It belongs to my earlieſt days. It is no recent heated notion. But I had ceaſed to have it as a principle of activity; and the whole bent of my mind was carried elſewhere. I thought that my only duty lay in expoſing the evils that threatened our political and ſocial life, in its immediate condition and preſent circumſtances; and as my practice had become looſe, though with ſtrong retention of my principles, my wiſhes and cares were of its colour. It would be ſinful in me to write a public confeſſional. I, therefore, do not ſpeak here as in the freedom of one Chriſtian to another Chriſtian. If I did, a great part of my paſt life (with irreproachable human integrity in all common moral conduct)would be the expoſure of the ſin of my practice as departing from the tenor of my principles. I had begun to live greatly without God in the world; although I have God to thank that I have been mercifully ſtopped, and have been brought back in ſome meaſure to the days of my youth. My ſin lay much in high conceptions of my own virtue; though theſe conceptions had little of pride, as we call pride, and in the prize of Greek and Roman fame, the modeſty might, without injuſtice, have been called

not the leaſt conſpicuous circumſtance of the victory. I ſpeak this only, that it may not be thought by any, that it is a man void of virtue who defends the cauſe of virtue. I do not know that many men have lived in our times, who were more completely purged of ſelfiſhneſs and vain-glory; who more ardently loved other men, or would more readily riſk himſelf. But all this I ſpeak upon the pagan model. I had loſt greatly the ſenſe of creature imperfection, and of the ſinfulneſs and pollution of all human virtue. I had particularly loſt the ſenſe of my own ſinfulneſs. In looking at the ſurface, I forgot "the muddy bottom of human nature." I thought the reſtoration of human right, the high feeling of human grandeur, the mingled compaſſion and indignation at the perpetration and conſequences of human crimes, to be the fulfilment of duty. The life of religion had nearly periſhed from me. It has been revived. And I have ſeen, and ſee, myſelf to be exceeding ſinful. In this reſpect my zeal is new; that is, it is revived. But it is on my old principles, on principles from which, as belonging to my underſtanding, I was graciouſly not allowed to fall wholly away, and of which ſome veſtiges, but greatly deviating from the road of duty, are to be found even in what I have formerly written. But though, even now, my feelings and opinions on the matters I have mentioned of high human eſtimation, are not only not leſſened, but increaſed, yet I ſhould wiſh that all I have ſaid were unſaid, if it were not to lead to the abaſement of all hu-

man excellence before God, by making his glory the only motive of our actions, and their only end. I never was ſo far left as to think that there was any other motive or end; although my conduct was as if I had thought ſo. But let us flatter ourſelves as we pleaſe, every man who is not earneſt for the name and glory of the Redeemer not being blaſphemed by an impious denial of his ſalvation, goes near to renounce his Chriſtianity, and deceives himſelf by his own deteſtation of other crimes. I ſo deceived myſelf, by living contrary to the precepts of the Goſpel, and by a want of zeal (as the zeal ſhould have been) for its increaſe and eſtabliſhment. A true Chriſtian lives in a continual confeſſion of ſin to his Maker, in the humble confidence of pardon, and the love thence ariſing to God who pardons. His firſt buſineſs is with himſelf; but he has buſineſs too with the ſins of his age and nation. "We and our "fathers have ſinned," is the form of humiliation taught us in the Bible. That man, who ſays he confeſſes his own ſins, but has not the ſoul of his brother in keeping, is ignorant of what ſin is, and ſees it not. That man who does not endeavour to turn the wicked from the evil of his way, will have the ſoul of his neighbour required at his hand. He who loves God cannot bear that others alſo ſhould not love him. In ſtirring up his neighbour's zeal, he will acknowledge the coldneſs of his own. He has no love to God who thinks he loves him enough, and who is not grieved that he loves him ſo little; but the confeſſion of his own ſin will be

accompanied with the excitement of the duty of his neighbour. " Come and let us return unto " the Lord: I will go alſo." If in mere human affection one man loved another, would he eaſily endure that the perſon he loved ſhould be ſinned againſt! But is there any compariſon between ſuch affection and the love we owe to our Father who is in heaven! The doctrine of the church of Rome is what I have mentioned. In the providential opportunities we have now, the modeſt and wiſe teſtifying againſt this doctrine; yet, as ourſelves the chief of ſinners, and with love to our brethren of the Roman catholic name, becoming ſuch impreſſion, can alone give us heart for the diſcharge of other duty, in the combat againſt regicide, and the looſe given by proſelytiſing power to all crime.

The great difficulty, not with our catholic friends, but among ourſelves, is to perſuade many that the Roman catholic doctrines ſhould thus be teſtified againſt. Their moderation makes them think, that there is no ſuch difference as to diſturb our mutual amity, or to hinder mutual forbearance. It is, I am afraid, an error very general. If by forbearance were meant a love to the perſons of our Roman catholic friends, a ſteady and ſincere vindication of their rights as men, a willing allowance of our common human frailty, and of the native force of doctrines imbibed from the cradle, and faſtened on us by all the authority of education in after youth, the abſence of all ſort of preſumptuous triumph in the ſtrength of our own doctrines, and of looſe and violent ſpeech, not

formed into propoſitions, and admitting the meaſurement of contrary propoſitions ;—if by forbearance be meant gentleneſs, affection, eſteem, and the temperance of ardency by deliberateneſs ; all this is not neceſſary merely, but the want of it will be at leaſt a ſign of unfitneſs for the duty. But if any by forbearance mean, that the world will be happy by the mental tolerance of popery, as either having no evils, or evils that may be left to their own cure, ſuch a perſon acts with indifference in that which he pretends to love moſt ; that is, he has no love for his religion at all. If he tells me of the evils ill inſtructed zeal has cauſed, of religious wars and perſecutions, and that the great duty of all men is to live at peace among each other ; I can anſwer nothing, but that the ſame reaſon ſhould prove that I ſhould live in peace and communion with any moral evil. Indeed no caſe is high enough for compariſon. The duty of man to man is great ; but the duty of man to God (while the one duty is inſeparably linked with the other) ſtill is greater. Hate ill all ye that love the Lord, is the precept that precedes a gracious promiſe of protection. And what is it that we call peace ! I alſo am pacific. Perhaps I am not without prejudices of childhood in the caſe of thoſe for whom my perceptions do not adminiſter to me a vivid enough image of the reaſons why, being people themſelves, they are not of the popular faith. But it is my ſin, and my underſtanding gets the better of it, juſt as of a diſlike of colours, if I had any ſuch diſlike ; for it is not a moral judgment.

The moral judgment has an affection in it, mixed with a kind of paſſive approbation. It is a tranſmitted religion, cleaved to from anceſtry, and having virtue. This is felt as to the common ſort. The high lineage of papacy affects me as all other things do that partake of the ſublime. It muſt hurt in act, as well as in nature, before I almoſt ceaſe to admire. Proteſtantiſm has been increaſed in our days by the head of the houſe of Howard. But Lord Petre makes an impreſſive image, full of affection and eſteem. How are ſuch men to be converted? Certainly not without the liberal caſt into the balance of all their own worth, and all your judgment of it. If this be to live at peace, it is ſo that I wiſh to live. But it is in itſelf a crime to ſteal a man from his principles by your paſſive virtues; if the winning qualities of ſuch a plagiary deſerved the name. Human ſociety would then be the aſſociation of human weakneſs, till all was blended into one common dilution, in which we ſhould ſeek our nature in vain. Intelligence is man's nature, moral intelligence, which ſeeks to propagate itſelf for moral purpoſes. Courteſy belongs to it, but a courteſy that is the reverſe of feeble. Nothing can be more courageous than truth; and its moral exiſtence is victory over error. Without this it is not. Is the papacy an error? If it be an error, of what ſort is it? When we aſk ourſelves the queſtion, we ſtate our duty. That duty ſimply is to have our knowledge ſuch as, in all due humility, to guide ourſelves, and, with the ſame humility to warn others. The downfal of the papacy ſeems in-

deed to be declared as the peculiar work of God himſelf alone, to the humbling of all human glory. But ſtill our general duty remains, in the public maintenance of our opinions of truth to all thoſe with whom, in the connexions of our moral nature, we come in contact.

This, for my part of a great duty, for the diſcharge of which I poſſeſſed ſome of the natural means, (in the attention I have given, ſuch as it is, to the affairs of France) I have here undertaken, and to a certain length performed. What I have ſaid to our Roman catholic friends (will they, with ſcarce any perſonal knowledge, allow me the high title, and will my veneration for the monarchy of France operate againſt the diſcrediting of my claim in the firſt inſtance ?); what I have thus ſaid can want weight only, when the little importance is conſidered of the adviſer. If the advice ſhould ſpread wider than the circle of my authority (and that is limited indeed), its further extenſion will not be impeded by any deficiency in itſelf. The reaſon of it is beyond any man's contradiction. Its force may be taken away wholly by men's neglect. I am a ſuitor to be heard; but I know that nobody can hear me without conviction. With all reaſonable frequency I ſhall urge my ſuit, and in all reaſonable modes. It never can be without honour; but I ought to have no conſolation but as it is to effect.

I have other things to ſpeak of alſo; for ſilence here, ſo far as it goes to opinions, is never

but criminal. The eſoteric and exoteric doctrines of ancient times had their diſtinction in vanity and fear, while the great men (and great they were), who were raiſed by their ſcience above others, ſaw at once the difficulty and excellence of their own attainments. There is, indeed, a ſilence of occaſional doubt, or of varying views of a mixed ſubject; and in what I am now to ſay, I ſhall not only hear others, which happens in all caſes, but, as far as I can, ſhall anſwer them. But I think the ſpirit of this country is about to be perverted in this great quarrel; and that we are in danger of loſing ſight of the human object, as much as we have hitherto been blind to the duty (of friendſhip and counſel the duty is only), which the circumſtances called for in the higher views that, even on this earth, belong to man.

We appear to be turning all the gallantry of the nation (the word is allowable, at leaſt I cannot prevail upon myſelf not to uſe it) into the ſpirit of defence. We flap our wings and crow at home with no little ſtir and ſome exultation. Were danger to come to our doors, we would meet and repel it, and follow it too, with equal courage and much more reaſon. For, to tell what is true, I can ſee no reaſon at all in any thing we are doing. It is the want of reaſon to think that any danger can come near us, and the thinking ſuch a thing would flatten any ſpirit but ours. It is diſgraceful to think of being invaded by the French mob. No ſenſe of national ſins, as bringing down national puniſhments, requires us to dread (un-

leſs as we ought to dread *any* thing) our being puniſhed in that way. And beſides, ſo far as I have heard or can judge, this has not been the motive of ſuch fear among us. The avowed motives are, that the ruffians of Paris may ſomehow or other croſs the ſeas, becauſe they have broken their boundary, and ſwarm on the Rhine and in Italy, where they continue to hive on the cracked tympana of their battered and tinkered democracy. Such fear is diſgraceful and irrational; and all ſecurity taken againſt it is a weakneſs of mind, and a deſertion of our controverſy with their crimes. They cannot come hither. We may as well dread their planking the ſea. In the mean time, and by this management, the courage of the nation is turned into ſelf-defence, and is ſatisfied with domeſtic enterpriſe, which the mind feels as ſomething great in this optical deception of danger. Other conſequences of a falſe martial ſpirit there alſo are; but the fatal conſequence here is, that it leads us from our object. Our object is to deſtroy the French democracy, for the purpoſes of good that I have mentioned, and as in itſelf an evil that calls out the juſtice of mankind; it is not to repel (if we could poſſibly have to repel) its fancied invaſion of our ſoil. If we wait for it, and, reſting on our arms, we do parade duty before the whores and thieves of France, to whom the iſland itſelf turns out, and is made a liſt for this new tournament of honour in the preſence of baſeneſs. The uſe of arms is the birthright of all. If we exerciſe this birthright under any aſſociated

name, that name perhaps ſhould have a ſanction; at leaſt ſcrupulous delicacy will think ſo. But the uſe of arms belongs to all; and, while the original contract is not broken, every male child, by natural and by ſtatute right, is born the King's ſoldier. But the exerciſe of this right, by aſſumption or call, unleſs in the high plays of chivalry, whether of the chiefs or the pleaſant men, is the ſame thing as a ſtate of war, even if it be not of the nature of an inſurrection. Againſt whom is our war? If the aſſociated names are to invade France, then I will dance (as I beſt can, and I am an ineffective name at preſent myſelf), to the notes of their preparation. If they are a home defence, in the abſence of all others, they are enough without me. If they are for a ſort of warlike paſtime, ſuitable to the ſeaſon, and to end with it, with great affection for their perſons, and admiration of a ſpirit which grows from honour, I ſhall fear only their rankneſs, and the ſtrong fall of mind loaded with a courage unnaturally ripened, and that has none to gather it. The ſhooting of this ſpirit is dangerous as it is upwards; and as it muſt hang down overpreſſed with its own uſeleſs exuberance.

Ah! nimium ne ſit mihi fertilis illa
Neu ſe praevalidam primis oſtendat ariſtis!

It is *juſto laetior;* a ſpirit far higher than its purpoſes. It vegetates to its own decay. It is loſt to every wiſe end; and it hinders the ſeeking of other wiſe ends in all the admirers of this falſe fertility. If it be againſt an invaſion that we

are in arms, we are then in arms (I have ſaid) as the French wiſh us. All the force of hoſtility muſt die away in this overfed ſhew of our internal ſtrength, for the amuſement of democracy, as it paſſes our lines, thus drawn out to grace its triumph. Alas! it is vile this new intrenchment of many-coloured uniforms, this ſtaking of poles and rags, to forbid theſe ravenous birds from our ſoil. Have theſe home-fed vultures become birds of paſſage, and filled the ſhrowds and tackling of our navy, to be borne to our ſhores! Have their ſcreamings in the midſt of their own deſolations the effect of fear on us, and not of deteſtation, to drive them from the ruins they now inhabit of their own ſociety! Do we wait for them coming to darken our air, inſtead of diſperſing this foul aſſemblage with the arms that we are uſeleſsly piling as paliſadoes for our ſoil, unprovoked by foreign touch for ſix centuries! I hate this war of blue and red and black and purple, and all colours, which no moral priſm can divide, and which has not in it the uſe of an apothecary's ſhew window. It is the frippery of hoſtility. It is the figure of war furniſhed out from Duke's Place. The beſt mounted and caparisoned in theſe involutions, replicating and doubling upon themſelves, have not the merit of the cavalier of the woeful countenance, when he ſat upon his wooden horſe ſtock ſtill. The prancing to the ſputter of invaſion crackers will not carry us forward in the journey riding by which we are to reach the habitation of peace. If we have not the heavineſs, in ſuch ſenſeleſsneſs, we will have

all the uniformity of a turning horſe in a mill. I ſay this of the home war itſelf, not of the men who make it. They are made for better things, and they will do better things. We muſt go on. We muſt not, cannot, think of invaſion. Who is to invade us! Are our naval tactics to be foiled by the unwieldy rolling on the water of the fleets of Spain! Is the broken and battered navy of France to be ſeamed into piers that ſhall bridge the channel! Are they to ſpan an arch from Breſt to the Land's End, out of their ſplintered or captive ſhips, led in triumph by our ſcience, or broken by our valour! I ſpeak of human things and of human means. I ſay, *that ſpeaking thus only*, we are at this moment, unleſs we put ourſelves in the act of fear, ſafer from invaſion than we have at any time been ſince the ocean firſt encircled our iſland. This country never was invaded but from invitation. It was thus the Saxons came. It was thus came the Norman. The Danes did not ſo come. But they were only the remains of the earlier ſwarm, and followed and fought and mingled with thoſe that went before them. Such invaſions could be repelled now with as much eaſe as that of a cockboat. If we divide ourſelves into military regalities, in this ſplitting of our ſtrength, we ſhall invite the oſtmen, were they to be found. We ſhall have gone full ten centuries back, with a baſtard feudality upon which that progenitor age will not look. It is not in the line of our hiſtory, nor counts in the genealogy of our greatneſs. It has no place in the long roll of

renown, nor is known in the emblazonry of our nation. But let me ſpeak of ſuch things no more. They are mere dreams of a perturbed waking ſlumber, in which the weary mind, recoiling from ſights and ſounds of woe, loſes itſelf in the begayment of a fantaſtic drowſineſs, and will be ſcattered into their own emptineſs at one lifting of our eyes. The martial hum that rocks this ſlumber, can have no charm for the true alacrity of ear. It knows only the moral ſong that guides the mind to duty.

Our duty is, to ſeek peace in the eſtabliſhment of right. It is not the merely taking precautions againſt evil. It is its overthrow that is our duty. The means for this is in our army and navy. At times, I will own, I have been aſhamed that I am only an ineffective name in the liſts alſo of the new warfare. I wiſh I knew the way that I could become otherwiſe; that I could become the *compagnon d'armes* of men that ſhould be no longer of uſeleſs nobleneſs and honour. But all ſuch things are nothing. As nothingleſs are they as even I am. In their formation itſelf they ſuppoſe their utility to be placed in our degradation. This is of their eſſence. I am not aſhamed. I am defenceleſs! I have no defence but the Britiſh army and navy, and the ſpirit of the Britiſh people. I am myſelf defenceleſs! I can neither ſtand, nor walk, nor prime, nor load, nor poiſe, nor ground, nor charge, like a ſoldier. I am defenceleſs; becauſe I know nothing againſt which I have to defend myſelf. Are the French canaille to make

a bicker* in our ſtreets, without any fatigue from their long journey, and do we need to hurry out againſt them with battle-axes even from Lochaber! Do we pollute the renown of that kingdom, by comparing the thieves and vagabonds now in France, to the meaneſt man in their old ſling, or think they are to project in the democratic curve even with ſpent force on this iſland! There ſhould be no human confidence, but we never had more human means. We have ſeen our naval glory in all the ſupremacy of ſcience, in all the brightneſs of courage. Our army has been every where but where it ſhould be, and wherever it has been, valour has been with it. That valour will alſo be with it, when it is in its proper place, on the plains of Picardy, with Creſſy to the right, and Azincourt to the left (I mention them only to ſhew what has been done), in the march to Paris. That road is open to us. Our anceſtors trod it for conqueſt, and violence and wrong. Let us walk in it for peace; and with the noble moral reparation of old but heroic mutual enmity. There was old generous friendſhip too. For our anceſtors fought for the crown of France (as our Britain was then ruled) as well as againſt it. They fought and recovered it to its king, at the hazard of not recovering their own king, and

* A Scots word which ſignifies what the new Pariſians, whom I mean, cannot do: what nobody ought to do.

ſuch a king, in ſuch a nation, as James the Firſt of Scotland. Afterwards the nobility of Scotland and her king fell, in a loſs that nearly three centuries has not yet repaired, for a love letter of a queen of France, in the field of Flodden. I cannot appretiate the morality of theſe things. Their glory (as hiſtory ſpeaks) is matchleſs. They have a madneſs of ſublimity on which imagination totters. I mean Flodden field. *They* are *moral* glories (in national record *ſuch*, I mean), thoſe that ennoble the family in which the Plantagenet is mixed with the Stuart blood, that of Bruce alſo and the Douglas; *je penſe plus;* though they are met in renown by " Bedford " and Exeter, and Harry the King," (words that I like for a later reaſon than the time they were written), and the cry of *a Talbot*. Yet theſe, where they were national glories, were in a region dark and dubious, and full of perplexity and change, where the eye of reaſon could not mark nor follow them. Our duty now is plain in a degree that no former public political duty of ours ever was, glorious to ourſelves (if we ſhould ſo ſpeak), and leaving to after times, in the duty done, without break or blot, to make its hatchment. I do not know that it would be virtuous not to admire national tranſmitted honour. I mean nothing, or ought to mean nothing, but that hiſtory records valour as highly exerted as it needs to be now, in circumſtances as difficult, and with leſs means. When I ſpeak as I have ſpoken of what *we* have to do *now*, I mean that the character of

our duty is of a higher ſtamp than what our weakneſs praiſes in our anceſtors, and ſhould be more praiſed, in the compariſon, by thoſe who come after us. Yet the only true glory that we can have, is not to glory in men at all. It is a deceitful glorying, that, even in our forefathers, ſoothing and beautiful though it be. And we forget their deeds of evil and our own in it. The times of which I have ſpoken are times of much ill in all the actors in them. Much of our preſent happineſs muſt be, in thruſting their example from us and deploring them. We muſt learn not to admire ourſelves, either in what we think our own virtues, or in any reflected image of anceſtry. It is not in this celebration of ourſelves that we muſt love our duty. We muſt walk in the way of peace, knowing how little title we have either to enjoy or to give it. In this way, with this ſpirit, let us all who love ſociety and order, go together, in our perſons or our exertions. The firſt belongs to our army, the reſt to us all. There are moral beacons at every turn to point us onward. Paris in our hands, we have the kingdom. We may have it even before. For I do not mean that Paris is to give us the command of France, but that it alone tyranniſes now in the miſerable anarchy of that nation; but that the republic of Paris overthrown, France is again a monarchy. That city has attracted to it all the evil that was any where to be found, and compounded it into its own worſe evil, in its new laboratory of miſchief. It muſt be delivered from the hands of theſe artiſts of ill. Then

the floating maſſes all over France, which have partly aſſimilated to its touch, will gravitate again to their own coheſion. For it is Paris that does all; that has done all from the beginning. There has been no France in all theſe mournful years. But there will be a France again. We ſhall ſee it as it were riſing from the waſte of evil with which it has been ſurrounded, the miſts breaking and diſſipating on all ſides, while the Britiſh drum, as the herald of their morn, ſhall make the welkin ring, over which the dawn of freedom ſpreads, in the ſweet riſing of the natal day of the reſtored monarchy. Conſoling ourſelves in theſe hopes, the paſt will be arrayed in colours in which it can now be ſeen by no human eye. Preſent indignation alone perceives the paſt as things now are, and the objects our ſight receives in this perpetual retroſpect, diſturb at once and fill our moral viſion. But we ſhall yet rejoice in a royal family of France! And conſidering this world and its ſplendour as even in its beauties fading and unreal, we ſhall forget thoſe calamities as having been nothing to thoſe by whom they were undergone in this paſſing ſtate, and to whom, in the hopes of that grace which God promiſes to all who aſk it in faith, they are now indeed nothing. Thoſe evils then ſhall ceaſe over which our lamentations have ſo long been made in vain. Let this be our hope. And let us ſeek it by our duty. That duty is, and, with all our human means, truſting in Providence alone, as knowing that the race is not to the ſwift, nor

the battle to the ſtrong, as knowing that our iniquities are deſerving of all puniſhment, and that we can have no hope of ſafety but in turning from them, our duty in this ſpirit of lowly courage, is, to reſtore the monarchy of France, and to have a zeal full of knowledge that it ſhould be a monarchy that is Chriſtian.

I

NOTE.

PERHAPS ſome may think (in reſpect to the probability of human means) that I ſhould adviſe ſome plan of invaſion of France; and that without this I do nothing. My anſwer is that the thing needs no adviſing. We have only to effect a landing. I do not ſay that this is eaſy. But in former times it was done, when we had the command of the ſeas leſs than we have now, and every thing was more difficult in all reſpects. None can ſtir a doubt of this matter who are for the ſyſtem of defence. There is not a trigger pulled of our defenſive horſe and footmen, that does not report the invaſion of France: for it is eaſier to invade France than to invade Britain. I do not uſe this as an argument (argument though it is), but only to make it ſtare in people's faces. The argument is that we ought to do it; and that it has been done; though this laſt ſhould be thrown out of the account altogether, for our own and for French honour. A militia for Scotland is alſo now propoſed. I do not like it; and the whole Rockingham connexion has twice diſliked it. Part of the coaſt for which this defence, and, on the

ſtated fear of invaſion, is moved, ſhould defend itſelf; for it was kiſſed by a Queen. I know not whether I am to blame, for this being my firſt diſapprobation, public or private, of this militia. I had thoughts of ſome diſapprobation: but, having begun to expreſs them, other thoughts aroſe, and ſtopped (if wrong I ſhall be ſorry for it indeed) what I was about to do. There is a temporary ſuitableneſs in looking like what we are doing; but there is nothing more. I ſhould take a militia for a month or two (with all my prejudices from my infancy againſt it) if the ſtanding army were where it ſhould be. Where it ſhould be, I have ſaid already. To accompliſh all that it has to do, we need indeed military ſkill, (for otherwiſe it would not be a protecting force)—and ſurely we have it. We have Lord Cornwallis and Sir William Howe. We have all our officers. We have the Duke of Richmond. General Conway was at Minden. We have Sir Henry Clinton. We have the ſea. I hate to ſpeak, and will not ſpeak of it; but though we ſhould return, the marching back would be as ſimple a movement as changing the bank or the cuſtomhouſe guard. Any military man who told me otherwiſe, I ſhould adviſe to take himſelf to ſome other profeſſion. I could ſay more, but I will ſay no more. What we have need for is ſenſe and courage, the fear of doing evil, and the reſolution to ſubdue it; the hope alſo, the well grounded hope, that if the force we carry with us be a protecting force, and not the pittance of niggardly miſery, there will not even be a battle.

I can hear no reaſons of difficulty. There are none. Mr. Fox ſtated them formerly (" O! tame and feeble Cervantes !!!") with none of his ſenſe and to no effect. Thoſe ſhould join him (if there are any ſuch) who now ſtate them for him. It is not our miniſters.

FINIS.